

A
P O E M
ON THE
D E A T H

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

W I L L I A M
Earl C O W P E R.

*Ergo Quintilium perpetuus Sopor
Urget ? cui Pudor, & Justitia Soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem ?*

H O R.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. ROBERTS in Warwick-Lane. 1724.

(Price Four-Pence.)

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H. O. R.

LONDON

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A P O E M on the Death of
Earl COWPER.



HALL Poets drive a mercenary Trade,
 And make, who Liv'd like Monsters, Gods
 when Dead ?

Shall Vice its Ugliness in Numbers lose,
 And Those, who ne'er deserv'd one, find a Muse ?
 Yet COWPER die, and Virtue not have Praise ?
 Virtue and COWPER claim the Poet's Lays.

WHAT Learning, Meekness, Probity conspir'd,
 To make him Honour'd, Worship'd, and Admir'd ?

By

By no Superiors aw'd, no Int'rest led,
With Him, not Party, but his Conscience sway'd.

WHEN each Man counted Honour by his Gains,
And strove for Glory by Inglorious Means;
Above Corruption He untouch'd remain'd,
And bravely Good infected Bribes disdain'd :
'Midst Treachery of Courts, and Storms of State,
He stood unshaken, and as fix'd as Fate.
Hence, *Britons*, learn mean Int'rest to despise,
And o'er your Passions Lordly Victors rise.

LET Bards no more a Savage Valour praise,
Our Souls let only Genuine Virtue raise :
Boast not the Triumphs of a well-fought Field,
And the mix'd Joys, which Rage and Slaughter yield ;
By his Example fir'd, yourselves subdue,
And gain a Conquest more, than *Cæsar* knew.

HOW, whilst his Soul bright Scenes of Glory view'd,
How did his Hopes to grasp all Arts aspire !

For

For this in constant Toil he spent the Day,
 And painful Study wore each Night away.
 At length he gain'd a Pitch, scarce reach'd before,
 And, as his Height, his Hopes encreas'd yet more.
 When Death's all-envious, Death's resistless Dart
 Dampt his yet growing Flame, and pierc'd his Heart ;
 So short is Human Life, so Infinite his Art !

S O *Sisyphus*, condemn'd by Vengeful Fate,
 By slow Degrees, hard Toil, and fainting Sweat
 Rolls up the steepy Hill a Stone's unwieldy Weight :
 Urg'd with full Strength, it labours up with Pain
 Scarce half the Height, then swift recoils again,
 Impetuous rushes down, and smoaks along the Plain.

Y E T did Success, and Honest Merit join
 To cast a double Lustre on his Line,
 And make him high in Royal Favour shine.
 But, Foe to Evil, and to Good inclin'd,
 No Trust of Pow'r could shake his stedfast Mind.

PRIMATE of Justice! from Thy Bounteous Hand
 Diffusive Goodness spread through all the Land ;
 As from a Rock, the sacred Waters flow,
 And smiling Plenty crowns the Plain below.

E A C H sifted Cause how Patient did you hear,
 Nor give the Sentence, till the Proof was clear ?
 Unlike blind Passion, Ignorant and Wild,
 With Justice Merciful, with Rigour Mild.

W H O now shall plead the injur'd Widow's Cause ?
 Who now defend Religion and the Laws ?
 Who boasts such Rhet'rick with such Judgment join'd ?
 Or, if both These, yet such a Noble Mind ?
 Oft in his Speech has sick'ning Envy hung,
 And Faction melted at his pow'ful Tongue.
 But what Perfection over Death prevails ?
 Thy Learning now, and e'en thy Goodness fails.
 Could not the Great Lamented *Phipps* assuage
 Inexorable Death, and bribe the Tyrant's Rage ?

No - -

No - - - -

The more he gains, he covets still the more,
 With Conquest flush'd, and wanton in his Power :
 You too must bend beneath his Iron Rod,
 And leave your King for Glory and for God.

W E L L with sad Fears pale *Britain* may be tofs'd,
 Well may she weep, her Greatest Patriot lost.
 Gloomy Despair may well beset this Isle,
 And Hell's grim Tyrant has just Cause to smile.
 Now the poor Orphan's Woes revive anew,
 While each lov'd Parent dies again in You.
 Now may each Villany successful go,
 Whilst Virtue wants a Friend, and where has Vice a Foe?
 Oh ! in that Heav'nly Man for ever ends
 The best of Christians, Patriots, and of Friends.

A N D against such a Man will Malice rise ?
 So Earth-born Gyants dar'd t' invade the Skies.
 Fell Toads must give their envious Venom birth,
 The Sun will draw dull Vapours from the Earth ;

Ignorance

Ignorance ever Learning will oppose,
And Vice and Virtue are two constant Foes.

YET may his Fame in spite of Foes prevail,
Above the Pow'r of Envy, Death, and Hell:
May it to late Posterity be told,
May it be writ in Characters of Gold,
In POPE'S Eternal Numbers be enroll'd ;
That, when whole *England* was by Parties led,
And each Man acted as his Int'rest sway'd,
Impartial He a Worthy Patriot stood,
True to his King, his Country, and his God.

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